Bish. Then heare me gracious Soueraigne, & you Peeres,
Which owe your liues, your faith, and seruices
To this imperiall Throne:
There is no bar to stay your highnesse claime to France,
But one; which they produce from *Faramount*:
No female shall succeed in *Salique* Land;
Which *Salique* Land, the French vniustly gloze
To be the Realme of France,
And *Faramount* the founder of this law and female barre.
Yet their owne writers faithfully affirme,
That the Land *Salique* lyes in *Germany*,
Betweene the floods of *Sabeck* and of *Elme*,
Where *Charles* the first hauing subdude the Saxons
There left behinde, and setled certaine French,
Who holding in disdaine the Germane women,
For some dishonest manners of their liues,
Establisht there this Law. To wit,
No female shall succeed in *Salique* Land:
Which *Salique* land (as I haue sayd before)
Is at this time in Germany, call'd *Mesene*.
Thus doth it well appeare, the *Salique* law
Was not deuised for the Realme of France:
Nor did the French possesse the *Salique* land,
Vntill foure hundred one and twenty yeares
After the function of King *Faramount*,
Godly supposd the founder of this Law.
Hugh Capet also that vsurpt the Crowne,
To fine his Title with some shew of truth,
When in pure truth it was corrupt and nought:
Conuey'd himselfe as heire to the Lady *Inger*,
Daughter to *Charles* the foresayd Duke of *Lorain*,
So that as cleere as is the summers Sun,
King *Pipins* Title, and *Hugh Capets* claime,
King *Charles* his satisfaction, all appeare
To hold in right and title of the female:
So do the Lords of *France* vntill this day,
Howbeit they would hold vp this *Salique* Law

To

To barre your highnesse cla
And rather choose to hide th
Then amply to embrace thei
Vsurpt from you and your p
K. May we with right and
Bi. The sin vpon my head
For in the booke of Number
When the sonne dyes, let th
Descend vnto the daughter.
Noble Lord, stand for your
Vnwinde your bloody flagg
Go my dread Lord to your g
From whom you claime:
And your great Vncle *Edw*
Who on the French ground
Making defeate on the full p
Whilst his most mighty fath
Stood smiling to behold his
Foraging the blood of Frenc
O Noble English, that could
With halfe their forces the fu
And let another halfe stand
All out of worke, and colde
King. We must not onely
But lay downe our proportio
Who will make rode vpon v
Bi. The Marches gracious
To guard your England fro
King. We do not meane th
But feare the maine entendm
For you shall read, neuer my
Vnmaskt his power for *Fran*
But that the *Scot* on his vnfu
Came pouring like the tide i
That *England* being empty o
Hath shooke and trembled a
Bish. She hath bin then mo

A

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22291) LONDON, 1608 [1619] NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.